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SPANISH
FOLK SONGS

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF
THESE FOLK SONGS

SHELLEY AND
CALDERON

*and Other Essays on English
and Spanish Poetry*

SPANISH
FOLK SONGS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY S. DE MADARIAGA

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THE intellect is conceited. It is with difficulty that it recognizes that the spirit of man can approach truth and beauty through shorter if less sure ways than the dismal scale of rope woven by thought. But then, instinct and genius get there all the same, and turning to the intellect can say, like the nun in *Cyrano*,

Je n'ai pas attendu votre permission.

The Spanish people have not waited until the labours of well-meaning reformers raised them to the status of learned newspaper readers in order to seek truth and beauty. They just looked around them with eyes that could see and sang with hearts that could feel. The result is a popular poetry which it would be difficult to surpass. I have elsewhere attempted a critical sketch of the Spanish people considered as a collective poet * and endea-

* See my essay on Spanish Popular Poetry in *'Shelley and Calderon and Other Essays*, Constable 1920.

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voured to justify my belief that it is one of the great creative poets of Europe. Numerous songs, most of which the reader will find again in this selection, were there quoted as examples of the main features of Spanish poetry.

But the question may arise: Are these marvels really popular? To this question there is but one answer: they are. Both form and substance prove it. The form of Spanish popular poetry differs in more ways than one from that which, for lack of a better term, we might describe as 'intellectual.' And first as to rhyme and metre. Rhyme is rarely used by the Spanish people. Its popular substitute is assonance, or the identity of all the vowels after the tonic accent in the corresponding words. There have been 'critics' who have chosen to see in this age-long fidelity of the Spanish people to assonance a proof of their 'backwardness.' Yet French and

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English poets are beginning to realize that assonance is a subtler instrument for verbal harmony than that obvious rhyme which Verlaine condemned in a few amusing lines of his *Art Poétique*. Assonance requires as its background the contrast with unrhymed lines. Hence the usual device of Spanish popular songs, which consists in lines alternatively unrhymed and assonanced. The type of this arrangement is the *cuarteta*, the most frequent form of Spanish popular song:

*Eres una y eres dos,
Eres tres y eres cuarenta,
Eres la iglesia mayor,
Donde todo el mundo entra.*

*You are one and you are two,
You are three and you are forty,
You are the parish church,
Open to everybody;*

a couplet of four lines in which 1 and 3 are unrhymed while 2 and 4 are assonanced.

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This arrangement is often misunderstood as a succession of two lines of sixteen syllables, but, whatever the historical reasons on which it might be defended, such an explanation of the *cuarteta* overlooks the real value of the unrhymed lines, which is to provide a neutral background to the musical effect of the assonance.

The *cuarteta* is an almost universal stanza in Spanish popular poetry. It provides the song for such different musical forms as the Jota (Aragon), the Malagueña (Málaga), the Granadina (Granada). In some cases the song is lengthened by repetition of some of its lines. This is for instance the case with the Jota, the song of which is made up of the four lines of a *cuarteta* sung in the following order: 2. 1 2. 3. 4. 1. We find here a first, and by no means only, case of that striking independence from strict logical sequence which is a typical feature of Spanish popular poetry.

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The *seguidilla* is after the *cuarteta* the form most generally used. It is also based on an alternance of unrhymed with assonanced lines, but the fact that these lines are of an uneven number of syllables (respectively seven and five), gives it a rhythm of remarkable sveltness and grace.

Del polvo de la tierra

Saco yo coplas.

No bien se acaba una

Ya tengo otra.

Of the dust of the earth

Can I make songs.

One is scarcely over,

A new one comes.

It is sometimes followed by a refrain or *estribillo*, which is another *seguidilla* less its first line:

A la Cruz de la Encina

No vayas, primo,

Porque ya la paloma

No esta 'n el nido.

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*Primo, no vayas,
Porque ya la paloma
No esta 'nde estaba.*

*To the Cross of the Oak
Don't go, my cousin,
For, in her nest, the dove
You'll find no longer.
Cousin, don't go,
For, in her nest, the dove
You'll find no more.*

The flavour of this form is so popular that an intellectual poet cannot adopt it naturally and spontaneously. This does not mean that the *seguidilla* is never to be found in works of conscious poetry, but then the poet is deliberately dressing in popular garments. A similar remark applies to other forms such as the *soledá*, a tercet with its first and third lines assonanced and its middle line free:

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*Me comparo con el cuervo.
Todos visten de alegría,
Yo visto de luto negro.*

*I see myself as a crow.
All are wearing clothes of gladness,
Clothed in black mourning I go.*

or the *alegría*:

*Cuando va andando,
Rosas y lirios va derramando.*

*When she goes walking,
Roses and lilies she goes a pouring;*

forms which are unmistakably different from anything produced by Spanish intellectual poetry, and have a seal of their own, due mostly to the restraint and pithy brevity of their expression.

These are not the only features which prove that Spanish popular poetry is a thing in itself and not merely a by-product of literature. Thus, it is easy to observe that the popular song is usually

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built up in a special way of its own, which again differentiates it from the poetry of conscious art. For the intellectual poet thinks out his poem even if he began by just feeling or 'guessing' it, while the popular song is given as seen or felt. And so, whereas the cultivated poet develops his poetic theme according to a logical process which is reflected in grammatical expression, the popular poet usually bursts into song through the line of impulse, which being the shortest is not necessarily the most logical nor the most grammatical. Here is an example:

*Como dos árboles somos
Que la suerte nos separa,
Con un camino por medio,
Pero se juntan las ramas.*

*Like two trees we are
By fate separated.
The road is between
But the boughs are mated.*

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The picturesque grammatical disorder of this song, somewhat tidied up in the translation, reveals the impatience and spontaneity of the popular muse. An example more striking still is to be found in the following gipsy copla:

Limosniya ar probe,
Dásela por Dios.
Porque el pobresiyo camina herido
Del mal del amor;

which might be translated:

Alms to the poor man
Do give for God's sake.
For the poor man is wounded
Of the wound of love.

We can see here the popular imagination making straight for the main idea in front of it (alms), then trying to redress the expression as best it can after this impulsive and perfectly ungrammatical beginning.*

* Cf. with Shakespeare, Sonnet viii:

'Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?'

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All the coplas are not of course equally impulsive and irregular. But the frequency with which such violent shortcuts through the language are taken for the sake of rapidity suffices to give to popular poetry a flavour all its own, and which, so far as form is concerned, make it independent from all intellectual leadership.

So much for form. As for substance, it is plain that this word must take in poetry a somewhat subjective meaning. Substance, in poetry, really means mood. Now, the mood of Spanish popular poetry is a thing apart. That it is unsophisticated is not a sufficient description of it, for, often, despite its self-conscious ability, the work of the intellectual poet is unsophisticated enough. But there is in the people a kind of freshness as of the morning, an indifference to art, an earnest eagerness for expression, which can only

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be imitated, never spontaneously struck, by the intellectuals.

The secret of it all is that Spanish popular poetry is *disinterested*. Intellectual poetry usually aims—consciously or unconsciously—at objects outside its own scope: now the imitation of classical models, now the creation of original forms, now brilliancy, now didactic utility, now the defence of some cause or idea. Spanish poets are by no means an exception to this rule. But Spanish popular poetry is. For it aims at nothing. It falls like a ripe fruit from the tree of experience, and thus attains without effort a character of fatal perfection even in most trivial details and of serenity even in its most passionate moods.

Hence that independence from logical sequence of which we have noted more than one manifestation. The poetry of the Spanish people, like that of all true

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poets, finds its unity in the roots of inspiration and feeling rather than in the order and figure of external form. This wandering freedom of inspiration is sometimes considered as mere incoherence or as due to a fortuitous association of disconnected fragments of songs. No doubt that may be now and then the case. But it may be taken for certain that such chance associations are either dissolved as easily as they were formed or else, if they last, will prove to be due, under the apparently capricious accident that brought them about, to a deeply poetical bond felt by popular intuition.

The editor has endeavoured to preserve in his translation as much of the popular flavour of the original as possible. The task was by no means easy. Whenever possible, stanzas approximately like the original *cuarteta* or *seguidilla* have been adopted and a more or less successful

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assonance has been preferred to rhyme. The rule has been to respect above all the mood, then the words, then if possible the stanzas. Some songs, however, are mainly remarkable for their form, and then a certain liberty has been taken with the text in order to render the verse-arrangement. Such is the case, for instance, with the two examples of *seguidillas* with refrain given in Nos. XIV and XXII.

The order in which the songs are given is roughly from the shallower to the more substantial. Thus, songs about singing, social life, wit and satire (I to XXV) are followed by songs of æsthetical observation, the charm of which is mainly due to the clarity of vision and the verbal neatness with which this vision is rendered. From this plastic group we pass to a dramatic group beginning with copla XLVII. Comedy, drama, tragedy and novel are here to be found compressed into little

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poems of four lines. Most of these poems have love for their subject, and so this group naturally merges into the lyrical, which may be said to begin with that marvellous little poem, copla LXIII. In the lyrical coplas that follow, love more and more chastened by experience, gradually leads through sorrow towards wisdom; and so through a section of little elegies we come at last to a group of songs in which the Spanish people express their calm and noble philosophy in their usual restrained and pithy way.

A special place is devoted to Asturian songs. Asturias is in effect a part of Spain particularly rich in popular poetry but with a character of its own, in which both feeling and humour are more abundant than in that of the rest of Spain. Asturian songs have moreover this originality that they are more varied in form, for while the usual Castilian stanzas are

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to be found among them, freer forms often amounting to *vers libre* are not rare. Thus, the two admirable poems with which this selection ends.

Most of the songs selected are to be found in one of the two following publications:

Cantos Populares de Castilla, recogidos por Narciso Alonso Cortés. *Revue Hispanique*, Oct. and Dec. 1914.

Cantos Populares Españoles, Francisco Rodriguez Marin. 5 vols. 1882.

The Asturian songs can be found in the remarkable volume of Asturian melodies published recently in Madrid by Señor Torner (Casa Dotesio), an indispensable work of reference for a student of Spanish popular music and poetry.

S. DE M.



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I

IN A PITCHER I have
My songs in store.
When I wish I uncork it,
And out they pour.

II

Of the dust of the earth
Can I make songs.
One is scarcely over
A new one comes.

III

My body is like a wasp-nest,
Crowded with songs,
Each to come out so eager
They come in throngs.

IV

A night clear and serene
Is best for a singing party.
But for lovers is much better
A night well covered by darkness.

V

The tiles of your roof,
The flowers of your garden,
The beauty of your face
Must belong to me.

VI

The tiles of your roof are wanting
To open the door for me.
Come down yourself, early rose
In the month of April born.

VII

To the Cross of the Oak

Don't go, my cousin,
For in her nest the dove
You'll find no longer.

Cousin, don't go,
For in her nest the dove
You'll find no more.

VIII

What do you wash your face with?

It looks so fresh.

I wash it with clear water.

God does the rest.

IX

My husband is my own husband.

He is the husband of no one,

And she who would have a husband,

Let her go to war for one.

X

With a flower I compared you.
The comparison was good,
For you feel love for no one,
While all fall in love with you.

XI

Away! Go! Mad woman!
You are as the churchbell
That anyone can ring.

XII

When I come on a visit
To Mary's house,
The hill which I must walk up
Seems to go down.
And when I go,
The hill which I walk down
Seems to go up.

XIII

A rose of a hundred petals
On your cheek has blushed out.
For just one kiss that I gave you
How soon it has blossomed out!

XIV

—What scent is in your bosom
So nice and sweet?
—Orange blossom from India,
Rosemary green.
— . . . So sweet and nice?
—Orange blossom from India,
Rosemary white.

XV

You are one and you are two.
You are three and you are forty.
You are the parish church
Open for everybody.

XVI

Oh, mother, they have broken
My pitcher at the fountain.
I do not mind the pitcher.
I mind the village gossip.

XVII

Seeing that you do not love me,
I went towards a rivulet.
I heard a linnet singing there.
I stayed to hear it.

XVIII

I do not say that my boat
Is the best in all the bay,
But that she is the most graceful
In her movements, I do say.

XIX

In the way you get angry
You are as the sea.
For its anger is roused
Just by the wind.

XX

Though you see me with two women
Do not blush as you pass by,
For many go to the fair
To look on but not to buy.

XXI

I dreamt last night
That the Moors were killing me,
And it was your beautiful eyes
Looking at me angrily.

XXII

Happy Inn of Viveros,
Good is your sign.
The innkeeper is a Christian,
A Moor the wine.
Your sign is good.
The Innkeeper is a Christian,
The wine a Moor.*

XXIII

Of your foot, give me the walk.
Of your shoe, give me the buckle.
Of your movements, the salt.
And of your stockings, the garter.

XXIV

I don't want you to go,
Nor yet to stay,
Nor that you leave me here,
Nor take me away.

*A Moor, i.e. not watered or 'baptised.'

XXV

His Lordship the Bishop orders
There shall be an end to songs.
There'll sooner be an end
To bishops and cardinals.

XXVI

All the flowers of the fields
January takes to captivity,
And as soon as April comes
They come out again to liberty.

XXVII

As the water runs about
Under the rose bay,
So runs the grace of God
Over your face.

XXVIII

Many pinkflowers and sunflowers,
Pinkflower plants more than a hundred,
Many pinkflowers and sunflowers
Has my lover in his garden.

XXIX

You seek the other side of the street,
Hating life
And hungry of death.

XXX

She comes out of her bedroom
Like a poppy, blushing red.

XXXI

'Tis the gait of the mother,
The daughter's gait.
She walks with steps so little,
At church she is late.

XXXII

When she goes walking,
Roses and lilies she goes pouring.

XXXIII

I heard the praise of your beauty
At the village gates.
Your black eyes and your white face,
And your slender waist.

XXXIV

I did see her yesterday.
Oh, my friend, if you had seen her!
At her window she was standing,
Watering her lilies.

XXXV

Your white face is like a garden
Which under snow lies.
And in it three flowers uncovered:
Your mouth and your eyes.

XXXVI

My love
Has a little face like a rose,
When she wakes up in the morning.

XXXVII

Beautiful rosy carnation
Gathered with the dew,
Those lips of your mouth
Are mine and not yours.

XXXVIII

Your door, they call a door,
And your window, they call window,
Your mother, they call carnation,
And you, early little rose.

XXXIX

Everytime I climb the hills
And walk right into the wood,
And there see the white snow,
I remember your beauty.

X L

Like the water crystalline
Which runs from slab on to slab,
Such is the face of my lover . . .
Just a bit more beautiful.

X L I

I count the stars of heaven.
Their number does not square.
Your star and mine are missing,
And they are the most fair.

X L I I

Like the rails of the railway
Are your love and my love,
For they go together, each close to
the other
All the way, all the way.

XLIII

Your eyes, two inkwells seem,
Your nose, a pen well cut.
Your teeth are minute writing.
Your breast a letter shut.

XLIV

My beloved is prettier
Than the little white carnations
Which open out in the morning.

XLV

A face like your little face
I never saw nor shall see,
That in so little a ground
Can show so much beauty.

XLVI

The lily is purity,
Passion the carnation.
The rose is beauty,
You, my constant love.

XLVII

I went and told your mother.
She said: 'We'll see.'
The answer is not a bad one.
Wedding there'll be.

XLVIII

When I saw you coming,
I said to my heart:
What a pretty little stone
To stumble on!

XLIX

Of your black little eyes
I don't complain.
They want to look at me.
You won't let them.

L

Think what a strange thing that is.
I knew her but the other day.
I love her more than my mother.

LI

You loved me once; you forgot me
For the love of wealth.
With your tears you have watered
Many a velvet dress.

L I I

You say you do not love her
Nor go to see her;
Yet no grass ever grows
Over her path.

L I I I

I have told your mother.
Your father I dare not.
As your mother knows it
Your father will soon know.

L I V

Come, say it while walking,
Say it while walking.
For if you are full of fear
I am all trembling.

L V

Like two trees we are
By fate separated.
The road is between,
But the boughs are mated.

L V I

The bridge I must cross over.
I wonder whether I'll cross it.
I have given my word.
I wonder whether I'll hold it.

L V I I

Though your parents may reject me
And your mother need you,
I will take you from your home
Through the highest window.

LVIII

- Your body smells of rosemary
And of wild thyme.
—As I come from the hills
'Tis little wonder.

LIX

I will go and ask this question
To the Virgin of the Dew:
What is it my eyes have done you
That you will not look at them?

LX

In the garden of my queen
I was the gardener.
And in time for rose-gathering
Came another gardener.

L X I

In your lips, disdain.
In your eyes, love.
Your lips say: go.
Your eyes say: come.

L X I I

I have much to tell you
But my name is silence.
I say enough without words,
If you have sense.

L X I I I

Sweet lover, oh sweet lover,
When thee I sight,
Even my own eyelashes
Are in my light.

LXIV

Come close to my love
As lizards do to the wall.

LXV

When I pass close by your side,
The very touch of your dress
Makes my bones shake in my body.

LXVI

Let the moon rise and illumine
The fields and the olive groves.
This love that rises in me
Springs from the depths of my body.

LXVII

It matters little to me
That a bird among the poplars
Should flutter from tree to tree.

LXVIII

Crystal-like spring,
Deep-flowing brook,
For loving couples
Long roads are short.

LXIX

High trees are moved
By wanton winds.
Lovers are moved
By thoughts and dreams.

L X X

The love you once had for me
In a spring you left one day.
A strong gust of wind blew suddenly.
Branch and stem it took away.

L X X I

In the deepest well
Of my heart, I threw
Seed of passion flower,
And a passion grew.

L X X I I

Little tree, you withered
Having the spring at your feet,
Fortitude, in your stem, having,
And in your little branch, love.

LXXIII

I was at the foot of the almond tree
And did not take its blossom.
As soon as I went away
A stranger came and took it.

LXXIV

Rose, if I did not take thee
'Twas because I did not choose.
I slept under the rose tree.
I had for my bed a rose.

LXXV

Ruddy little apple
Whom I picked up,
If thou art not in love
Fall in love with me.

LXXVI

May all the black spiders
Hidden in their nests
Sting me in the heart
If my love is feigned.

LXXVII

When a plant dies,
The pain reaches the stem.
The roots weep tears of blood,
The flower puts on mourning.

LXXVIII

Close to you nor far from you
Can my troubles find a remedy.
Close to you because you kill me.
Far from you because I die.

L X X I X

Had I known how false
Your bosom was,
I would not have entered
So narrow a heart.

L X X X

Black curse upon money,
For money is the cause
That the little eyes of her whom I love
Are not in my house.

L X X X I

I walked up the hill with you.
Now that I want to walk down,
How hard I find it to do!

LXXXII

Last evening, late in the evening,
Why did you not come, my love,
With a night so clear
And a path so tempting?

LXXXIII

Clover and cinnamon
I scent in your breath,
And he who can't scent the clover
and cinnamon
Knows nothing on earth.

LXXXIV

Fair little maid, when I saw
That face of yours, so serene,
I felt the wings of my heart
Fall down to my feet.

LXXXV

Good bye, and go with God
Go with God, love of mine,
See that you do not drink water
At the spring of oblivion.

LXXXVI

To the sea, being deep,
The rivers flow,
And following your eyes
My own eyes go.

LXXXVII

Though I am a bit dark
My lover loves me
As if I were as white
As snow can be.

LXXXVIII

Thought, which, as light as birds,
Fly through the air,
Take this sigh from my breast
You well know where.

LXXXIX

Though I dwell close to the hill,
Hidden in amongst the foliage,
I am not of those forgotten
In the bosom of my lover.

XC

I love you more than God.
See what a word I have said . . .
I deserve the Inquisition.

X C I

In the garden of love
I plucked five carnations.
They are my five senses
Which I have set in you.

X C I I

Farewell. I go without seeing you.
My heart without having spoken,
My lips without having kissed you.
My arms without having held you.

X C I I I

You look at me, you kill me.
You don't, I die.
Look at me, love of mine,
I want to die.

XCIV

Could you ever have more lovers
Than blossom an almond tree
No one will ever love you
In the same way as me.

XCV

Give me your hand. We shall go
To the place where you wept,
And we shall gather between us
The pearls which you there shed.

XCVI

Mother, I do go to him.
That man has taken away
The very root of my love.

XCVII

The partridge is in the stream,
The blackbirds are in the bush.
My heart is close to your heart.
Your heart I don't know with whose.

XCVIII

Farewell, little shell of nacre.
Farewell, little Orient pearl.
Farewell, garden of flowers.
Farewell, cause of my death.

XCIX

I am not of bronze.
A stone would be broken
With so many blows.

C

Farewell, house of four waters,
Farewell, four-cornered window.
The comings in and goings out
For me are over.

C I

My poor heart
With a veil I will have to hide,
So that nobody may see
The sickness of which I die.

C I I

I see myself as a crow.
All are wearing clothes of gladness.
Clad in black mourning I go.

C I I I

The ewe lamb is white,
And the meadow green,
And the little shepherd, oh mother,
 who guards her
Is dying with grief.

C I V

Lo, there is nothing to see,
For the little boat there was
Spread its sails and went away.

C V

Woe is me, for I am robbed
Of a rose that was my own.
I see it in other hands
Withered, and its colour gone

C V I

How would you have me love you
If you do not come and seek me
As water seeks the river
And rivers the sea.

C V I I

Go, join the other one,
Since you chose it so.
For I, with oblivion,
My garden will sow.

C V I I I

I envy the birds, that can
Sing at the bars of your window.
For I sing alone and sad
And give my song to the winds.

CIX

Loaded with hopes
One summer I entered your house.
But I went out in the Autumn
Dead with disillusion.

CX

Weep, my eyes, weep,
Weep not knowing why.
It is no shame, for woman's sake
That a man should cry.

CXI

To the sea I must go
To weep my grief,
For I had put my love
In a wind-mill.

CXII

Your eyes know how to laugh,
Your eyes know how to weep,
And they know how to suffer,
And not how to forgive.

CXIII

My heart was taken to prison
And was thrown into a jail,
And for no crime of its own
It was sentenced to death.

CXIV

How would you have a bird
Cross the air without wings?
How would you have me live
If you take away my hope?

C X V

Grief and that which is not grief,
Everything is grief for me.
Your absence grieved me yesterday.
To-day, your presence grieves me.

C X V I

Now my husband lies dead.
My comfort now dead lies.
No one is left to say to me
'Little velvet eyes'.

C X V I I

'Give me your love or I kill you',
Say a pair of black eyes.
A pair of blue eyes say
'Give me your love or I die'.

CXVIII

Your love is like a pool
And mine is like a spring.
The sun comes out, the pool dries up,
But the spring remains.

CXIX

He who would like to know
Whoreigns in my thoughts and dreams
Will have to write on the water
And take down notes on the wind.

CXX

I am not dead with grief because
I have not known how to feel.
To my little understanding
Do I owe that I still live.

CXXI

My thoughts are like the smoke
Rising from fire.
For they gradually vanish
As they go higher.

CXXII

Though you see me a fallen woman
See that you don't spurn me away.
I am a tree young and tender
And I may be green again.

CXXIII

Even the pearl is not safe
At the bottom of the sea.
So you who stand on the shore
How could you hope to go free?

CXXIV

Though I may look at you no more,
What matters see or not see?
Pleasures that are of the soul
Even a blind man can see.

CXXV

Why do you go about asking
How to love with a love true?
Love is a thing of the soul.
A soul never was in you.

CXVI

Thou sentst me a message
That my soul was thine.
And I answered thee
'Twas God's, thine and mine.

CXXVII

I shall give you all my heart.
I shall give you all my life.
But my soul I shall not give you
For that treasure is not mine.

CXXVIII

I love you more than my life.
I love you more than my heart.
I don't say more than my soul
For my soul belongs to God.

CXXIX

Love me little by little.
Be not in haste.
For I would have a love
That long may last.

CXXX

They are, your love and my love,
Like the water of the river.
Backwards they never can flow.

CXXXI

I feel something in my breast
Which I shall never reveal.
I shall mortify my body
In order to please my love.

CXXXII

Loving is up hill.
Down hill is forgetting
Up hill I shall go
Though it be hard work.

CXXXIII

I know not which is more deep,
Whether the grief that we sing
Or else the grief we weep.

CXXXIV

Lover, lover of my soul,
Where there was there'll always be.
Your eyes want to look at mine.
Let them look in liberty.

CXXXV

This though I cannot endure:
That my ring should be so bad
When my metal is so pure.

CXXXVI

As the water of the stream
Wears the stone day by day,
So, by loving you so much
I wear my heart away.

CXXXVII

You did not want when I wanted,
Now I don't want when you do.
You will enjoy a sad love
Just as I did before you.

CXXXVIII

Your love is a well, whose water
Must be with effort drawn up.
And mine is a spring whose water
Of itself flows out.

CXXXIX

From the rose bush comes the rose,
From the flower pot the pink-bloom.
A father brings up a daughter
And he does not know for whom.

CXL

The stars run and run.
I need not run as they do.
Wherever night overtakes me
There I will see the dawn.

CXLI

The true lover is not daunted
By his neighbour's idle talk.
He who has faith in his road
Backwards never casts his eyes.

CXLII

What I try, I conquer.
Of my star I don't complain.
I never aimed at a thing
Which I did not gain.

CXLIII

Let no one pity me.
I, myself, with my own hands,
Was the cause of my undoing.

CXLIV

Your love, it is like a bull
For it goes where it is hailed.
And my love is like a stone.
Where it is placed, there it stays.

CXLV

As we came down towards the valley
 My lover said I was ugly.
 And I answered:— Lover mine,
 'Tis my face that guards my body.

CXLVI

As I went towards Desire
 I met with Truth on the path.
 But she looked so forbidding
 That she forced me to come back.

CXLVII

Time said to Love:
 That pride of yours
 I will abate.

CXLVIII

He who would care to sing well
Let him sing when grieved at heart.
Though he know nothing of singing
Grief will take the place of art.

ASTURIAN SONGS

CXLIX

A pretty maid
Leaned over her window.
She asked for my soul,
I gave her my heart.
She asked for my soul.
And I said farewell.

CL

To me you are the sun,
To me you are the moon.
Every site I see
Presents to me your beauty.

*In the air they go,
The sighs of my lover.
In the air they go,
In the air.*

C L I

A white little dove,
As white as snow,
Alighted on the meadow.
It wants to bathe.
It has golden wings,
A face as white as milk,
Eyes of olive.
Dove, don't go to the meadow,
Come with me.
Dove, don't go to the meadow,
For I don't forget you.

C L I I

He who would have a good wife,
Should not look for her in fairs.
Let him go find her at home
When everyday clothes she wears.

CLIII

'Tis the gallant do the wooing,
Yea, Yea,
But the fortunate, the getting.
See that she whom you are courting,
Yea, Yea,
Under your eyes is not taken.

CLIV

Four handkerchieves I have.
All four are red.
For gallants are wooing me.
Three live deluded.

CLV

Now the shepherds are going
From the sheepfold.
Now the valley remains
Silent and cold.

CLVI

You say that you do not love me
Because I am not the first.
The first flower to be born
The first the wind blows away.

CLVII

The water of rivers flows.
That of the brook lies in pools.
He who is in love cannot sleep.
He who is not goes to sleep soon.
Oh my Dolores, be silent, love.
Let the water of the river flow.

CLVIII

Why would you, prisoner,
Have your chain lengthened?
Since your padlocks are fastened
Your grief remains.

CLIX

My heart breaks
With sorrow and grief
Seeing that you are in the world
And that you are dead for me.

CLX

Give me the fire of your eyes,
Give me the light of your gaze.
For I feel cold in my body
And darkness within my soul.

CLXI

Yesterday in the fountain
I saw you singing.
And I passed to-day there,
And you were weeping.

CLXII

I often pass by the bridge.
I see you washing all day.
All the beauty of your face
By the river flows away.

If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, the same shall I do.

CLXIII

The little ewes, my mother,
Passing the river.
And the shepherd, with ladies,
Talking so freely.
Could I but guard them, mother,
Could I but guard them.
Turn round him, graceful one
Turn round when dancing.

CLXIV

Darkness o'ertakes me!
Ah, me! The darkness o'ertakes me
As I come out of the wood.
Beautiful maid of the village
Give me shelter in this night,
So dark!
Oh, what a night, and how dark,
And how motionless!
Oh, that I had such serenity
In my mind!

CLXV

I must climb, must climb the hill,
I must climb up to the pass,
Though the snow may cover me.
If the snow should slide
What will the rose do?

CLXV (*continued*)

The most beautiful one
Is beginning to wither.
Oh, my love!
If the snow should slide
What shall I do?

I must climb up to the pass
Though the snow may cover me,
For there is she whom I love.
If the snow should slide
What will the path do?
She whom I love
Is beginning to wither.
Oh, my love!
If the snow should slide
What shall I do?

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